BEHIND THE SCENES.

A Famous Young American Prima

Donna Describes Many

CUSTOMS AT THE GRAND OPERA.

How the Multitudinous Skirts of the Ballet

Girls Are Made.

SENSATIONS OF A PARIS DEBUTANTE

PARIS, October 16 .- I feel some hesita-

tion at taking up my pen to give to

the public any particulars respecting my

stage career, as it has been so brief and I

am still so young and inexperienced. But

my American friends have been very kind

to me, and have altogether surprised me by

the interest they have manifested in my suc-

cess. And perhaps I may have something

novel to tell concerning the practical side of

the representations at the Grand Opera; so,

at the persuasion of a friend who has been

for many years past occupied with journal-

ism, I will try to say something which, I

I made my first appearance on any stage in March last at the Grand Opera, as the

heroine of Gounod's opera of "Romeo and

Juliet." When I first finished my studies

with Madam Marchesi some months before,

other trial.

corded me.

trust, will be found worth the reading.

Weather Bureau.

general, no subject upon which each and all can talk as intelligibly as his neighbor. Each morning millions of people scan the

CLIMATE WILL CONQUER

in the end. Some days are like a dreamy poem. They drive away dull care and elicity takes her place. Some days are filled with celestial fires that exhibitante and electrify, until all the world seems to smile. Then comes the gloomy, downcast, lowering clouds, and the world looks at life through smoked spectacles. We to the supplicate for favors on such a day! Some one has said, "What is a Yankee but John Buil plus the American climate?" But what a transforming power King Weather has had, in this instance. During this year the war of the elements has combined against our entire country—from the Atlantic to the entire country—from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the North to the South have the cyclones and floods devastated our land. "It is the stars."

The stars above us govern our condition The stars above us govern our conditions, quoth Shakespeare, and in this age, too, the "weather witch" credits Jupiter with all the storms and deluges of the past year and all the prospective horrors of the coming year, until his power as a ruling planet has passed. But to abuse the weather, we dare not, for the rain means as much as the sunlight—it means life and growth, and is as processors to man as to were attention. "Old necessary to man as to vegetation. "Old Probabilities" has his rivals certainly, in

Dutch, and in the Indian, and their old signs seldom fail either.

"If it rain before 7, it will clear before 11." "A rainbow in the morning, a sailor's warning," but "A rainbow at night, a sailor's delight," and others, invariably prove the truth of the old signs. Yet King Weather is as capricious, moody, severe or tender as the monarchs of the olden days. Hence there is speculation when we look at the clouds, the moon, the sunset or the stars, and "All signs fail in dry weather." Goetha gave a very picturesque cause for the rain.

You ought to have seen me run. I believe I did not stop until I reached home.
and the worst of it was I forgot pole and
fishing-tackle. When I related to my wife inhales she draws the atmosphere to her, so they both as with one voice, exclaimed: "What a blind fool you are, Barney!" and wanted me to go back for my fishing-tackle,

Still Comparatively Undeveloped. ovember Harper's.]

The forests of Columbia abound in trees which are used for building purposes, for dyeing, and for cabinet work; and balsamic plants and gums, medicinal and otherwise useful to man, are no less abundant. In the exhibition of natural products which

The morning broke upon a sullen world;
A heavy mist encompassed sea and land;
The city's smoke hung low on every hand;
The roses stood with velvet petals furled,
Like pouting maids with prettylips half-curled,
Waiting, with drooping heads and cheeks unfanned,
Their sanky lease.

Then, suddenly, a ray of golden light
Fell on the earth; the gray mist slunk away.
The sineke sped upward in majestic flight.
The zephyrs sung a merry roundelay.
The roses laughed, the windmill whirred de-

light, The sunbeams danced, and all the world was

eny.
-Emma C. Dowd, in Youth's Companion.

BODY BRUSSELS CARPETS.

They are not remnants, but full rolls.

Many of the patterns will not be reproduced for next spring, is the reason they

are so cheap with us now.

Borders to match all patterns.

Remember, \$1 a yard; worth \$1.40, and

secure some of these choice goods should make it a point to attend at once. The sales are held daily at 10 A. M., 2 and 7:30

IS IT GOING TO RAIN

By Far the Most Fruitful Topic of Ordinary Conversation.

ANCIENT SIGNS AND PORTENTS.

The Work Now Accomplished by the Great

GOETHE'S IDEAS UPON ATMOSPHERE

"What of the weather?" "Is it going to rain?" The world seems to have been born with a chronic anxiety about the weather. As a stimulant to conversation it is not a mere matter of form, but controls it, because it controls everything else. King Weather rules religion, character, cuisine and architecture. Is is going to rain or snow? be hot or cold? are inquiries that are directed to every one we meet. There is no theme so

Each morning millions of people scan the newspapers for the weather report, and read the unfailing prophecy of the skies of the coming day. Even marriage and death notices yield to this avereign. Fifty centuries passed before the world was able to predict certainly the weather of a single day, but with the establishment of the Weather Bureau not 20 years ago, if we follow the weather report we may know days before what the weather in all probability will be. The value of such a science cannot be overestimated, but the most important office of the bureau is giving warnings of approaching storms to vessels. The weather is an extremist. "It never rains but it pours." In a wet season it rains to-day because it rained yesterday, and more than likely will rain to-morrow for the same reason. It is climate that effects our entire natures. The bright, enterprising Westerner, the languid Southerner, the sharp, scheming Yankee, are all specimens of climatic influence. We may resist, but CLIMATE WILL CONQUER

the almanac followers, in the good old Dutch, and in the Indian, and their old

gave a very picturesque cause for the rain, but as for the science of li—well, no matter. He said: "I compare the earth and her

inhales she draws the atmosphere to her, so that coming near her surface it is condensed to clouds and rain. This state I call "water affirmative." The opposite state he called "water negative." That it has rained cats and dogs and pitchforks, fish, fiesh, manna, fowls and toads, we all have heard; that it has never rained umbrellas the most credulous will not doubt, for whoever had an umbrella when he needed it most. Yet "it is a wise man that carries an umbrella on a dry day." "Old Probabilities" signal stations are getting more numerous every year. At Mt. Washington the altitude is over 6,000 feet, yet observations are often made in a balloon. The result of each observation, all over the whole country, is telegraphed in cypher to the Signal Office at Washington. The work at these stations is simple, being only a reading of the instrument at stated times and of transmitting to Washington the results.

Washington the results.

From these the bulletin of "probabilities" From these the bulletin of "probabilities" for the ensuing 24 hours is made out and telegraphed to all newspapers in the country who are willing to publish them for the benefit of their readers, and to all boards of trade, exchanges, societies, seaports, etc., etc. When momentous storms are raging telegrams are dispatched, received, acted upon and filed. The immensity of this science is absolutely wonderful, and yet its system is perfection itsel. Every report that reaches the Signal Office is carefully preserved on file, and at the end of each year the office possesses a complete history of the meteorology of every day in the year. This scientific torecasting of the elements influences all the civilizations of the earth, and each year its value is becoming more influences all the civilizations of and each year its value is becoming mor M. M.

The Warning of the Bush. It is only the weird rustling Of a withered, wind-blown bus That stands by the roadside sigh In the autumn evening's bush; It thrills as though it were human And feels encruaching death That tinges with hectic beauty Its leaves—list what it saith:

I dreamt sweet dreams in springtime days, I slept 'neath the summer moon, I shed soft tears in autump's hazs. But the chill came all too soon. Dream on, young lover, while you may,
Life's roses bloom for some:
Bask in warm love's effuigent ray,
Yet chilling age must come.

One must go first, and one remain
Alone on the road to death,
And sadly sigh, as now do 1,
In the autumn's frosty breath;
The hopes you bear, the charms you wear,
Must lose their mystellight
And winter's snows drift o'er the rose
That once was fair and bright.

Pass on! I can but whisper low,
With these withered, wind-blown leaves,
I stand alone, and make my mean
Like a trembling soul that grieves.
Pass on, leave me desolate!
Ere long I shall be dumb,
With not a leaf to sigh my grief
When chilling death shall come.
—Annie E Baker in Philadelphia Ledger.

The world takes care that you shall not forget
The name and number of your years;
Its watchful eye will notice, never fret,
Just when the first gray hair appears.
Of course it offers me the right of way,
But here the covert truth is told,
Its actions speak, though naught its lips may
any—
The meaning's plain—"he's growing old."

I would not mind if it were not so true
Its thoughts and mine so far agree.
That is my limbs are not so limp and new,
Yet I like not this making free.
I have a secret, though, you may not guess,
Plain spoken world, so hard of tongue,
I read, God's mercy never groweth less,
And in that light I'm growing young.
—Wm. Lyle in Narristown Herald

"A GEM of the first water," Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price only 25 cents.

JUMONVILLE'S GRAVE

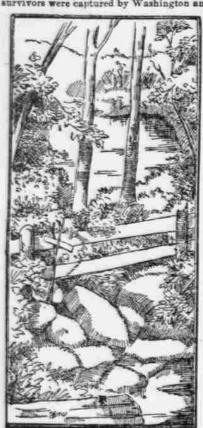
A Visit to the Spot Where Lie the Bones of a French Soldier

Braddock. A RAILROAD ON HALLOWED GROUND

IN THE DIM. PRIMEVAL FOREST.

PWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH, FAYETTE SPRINGS, October 2.-"This is the way to Jumonville's grave, but it's a bad piece of road and you'll have to leave your horses at the top of the last hill and foot it through the woods for a quarter of a mile, because there's only a cowpath after that, and it lies part of the way in the bed of the run, but the run's dry now, so you can walk on the stones." This from the bright little mountain lad who was piloting us from the Washington Spring road to the secluded gien where the gallant young Frenchman, whose death was long the theme of song and story, has lain undisturbed since that memorable 28th of May, 1754, when Washington began his military career and practically opened the ball of the French and Indian war by surprising and

Jumonville was killed at the first fire, and ten of his men fell by his side. All of the survivors were captured by Washington and



The Grave of Jumonville his Indian allies except one ficet-footed Ca

nadian, who escaped and carried the tidings of the disaster to Fort Duquesue. We followed our little guide through the woods in Indian file, clambering across fallen trunks and dodging overhanging boughs, recalling, as we picked our way, a visit made to this romantic apot more than 20 years ago, and wondering how the scene was impressing certain young people in our party to whom we had many a time and oft descanted upon the weird and solemn grandeur of these primeval trees, beneath whose shadows it was twilight at noonday, and where a Sabbath stillness reigned per petual; where maze after maze of feathery ferns grew with almost tropical luxuriance through which one must tread warily for with the tiger's skin and the castanets on the end of its tall," which is a habitant of these mountains and makes its winter quarters in Rattlesnake Lodge, a mile or so Here and there along the pathway were vistas, or bits, as artists say, of ex-quisite beauty, but, instead of penetrating deeper into the gloom of the lorest as aforetime, the way seemed to grow brighter as we proceeded, and we began to doubt our own memories and the sagacity of our guide, but the little fellow said he was certain sure we

were going straight to the place, and added encouragingly. DESECRATING A HEBO'S GRAVE. "It isn't much to look at now, for a good bit of the timber's been cut down. The hogs run through here and root up the ferns, and the boys from the Soldiers Or-phans' School at Dunbar's Camp come over here on Saturdays and scatter the stones Why, just a couple of

from the grave. Why, just a couple of weeks ago, some of them tore down the cross from the top of the pile!" Think of it, guardians and educators of such as these—think of the sons of soldiers desecrating a soldier's grave! And instill into your wards, if you can, a spirit of manliness and reverence, causing each to bear in mind this maxim: "He who respects not the resting place of the dead, will be found

not to respect the rights of the living."
We kept on our way, and sure enough, with the sunlight streaming upon it, and bare of moss and vine and fern, and partly thrown down, was the once picturesque cairn, from the foot of which, in the long ago, we had gathered partridge berry vine and Robin Hood, carefully preserving it to this day, in memory of the spet where was fired the first shot of the war which resulted in the domination forever of the English-speaking race on this continent. Some of the stateliest trees that had stood for more than a century like grim sentinels about the grove have been felled, probably for ience rails or firewood. On several of the stumps 150 rings are distinctly marked, registering a growth of as many years. Surely, with timber, timber everywhere on this mountain, these area might have been spared.

The young artists of our party finished several hasty sketches just as the shadows began to fall, and we rejuctantly turned our otsteps toward the highway, earnestly hoping that some of the public spirited citi-zens of Fayette county will unite to pre-serve this memorable and still charming spot

from further desecration.
It is this and other sites, hallowed by deeds of valor and self-sacrifice during the history of the last 20 years of the colonies, that lend to this whole region a fascination indepen-dent of its grand mountain scenery and its revivifying air, and which awaken a more general and lasting interest than the superannuated innkeeper's lore of the paimy days of the National Pike, what time Andrew Jackson took whisky straights at Chalk Hill or Henry Clay played poker till 1 o'clock A. M. at the Old Stone House, or Dr. Braddee robbed the United States mail at Turkey Foot, or Jenny Lind sang like a lark with the landlord's daughter at Farmington. They are entertaining anecdotes and stories, still they are but local gossip about famous people who passed to and fro, Will-o'-the-Wisp like, over the great highway-stories

of yesterday, signifying nothing.

But the story of Jumonville's grave,
Fort Necessity, Dunbar's Camp and Braddock's grave, these are a part of the history of three nations and they are a part also of the history of a man, who, taken all in all, was the greatest and best of his time.

THE GREAT PIKE. The mountain roads that branch off from the pike are so narrow that in many places vehicles cannot pass each other without one or the other turning into the woods. On our return we met a gentleman in a buggy, who, to let us go by, obligingly drove his horse up a bank several feet high, at the im-

minent risk of an upset.

As our horses turned eastward into the pike at the summit, and the wooded mountains rose spur after spur before us,

we were reminded of an exclamation made at this point, long ago, by a dear little girl now at rest among the delectable mountains of immortality. As she stand up in the wagonetie to view the glorious landscape she said: "Oh, see the pike! It looks like a big white cable stretched over the tops of the trees, with the other end pushed into the sky." We can find now no more apt description of the famous road as it stretches away toward Cumberland and is lost in the blue of the horizon.

Major Washington was but 22 years old when he won his first victory by the capture of Jumonville's party, and it is rather saddening to tollow him, flushed as he was with his triumph, to the little stockade fort, hastily built by his jaded and harrassed soldiers, and named Fort Necessity, from the prophing harrassed that we have a conducted the stockade for the way and the prophing the prophi The Last Resting Place of Brave General the pinching hunger the men endured while at work upon it. As we wandered about it this beautiful October day, trying to define the exact line of earthworks and went stumbling through the tall swamp grass that covers the ground, we came upon a rod or more of the embankment, which was all we could be certain was a part of the original earthwork, though Mr. Facenbaker, on whose farm it is located, says the entire diamond-shaped inclosure about 100 feet long, is still plainly visible when the grass is short, except the eastern end, which is crossed by the lane and run. A thorn bush, full of red berries, is growing in the western angle, and near that the trunk of a dead tree stands white and chost-

Some years ago a society of gentlemen from Uniontown laid the foundation stone for a monument in the center of the plot, with appropriate ceremonies, but the superstructure has never been erected, and treascapturing his hidden camp in this wilderure seekers have pried the stone from its bed, and it now lies on the surface, a melancholy reminder of the society's infirmity of

purpose.

A PICTURE OF THE PAST. With the sky so blue above us, it was hard to picture the devoted hand fighting here all day long in the sullen rain, till with both strength and ammunition exhausted they were compelled to surrender to superior force. It was hard to picture the unlucky Van Braum bungling the translation of the twice modified articles of capitu-lation, by the light of a flickering candle, in the midst of a pelting storm. And hard also, to picture the little garrison marching out of the fort in the early morning, with drums beating and colors flying, though their hearts were heavy and their faces wan It may be that the wave of adversity which here passed over the youthful com-mander, chastened his clated spirit and

helped to prepare him for his high career. A mile and a half west of Fort Necessity on the National pike, is the supposed site of Braddock's grave A nest white fence sur-rounds it and the inclosure is filled with a clump of fine young evergreens and de-ciduous trees. To the late Josiah King, of Pittsburg, belongs the honor of having beautified and rescued it from oblivion. General Braddock wished not to survive his defeat, and against his will was carried from the field. When the little cavalcade

which bore his litter reached the point at the meadows where he is supposed to have been buried, he became too seeble to proceed further. Washington and the faithful Stewart, who remained constantly at his side, saw that the end was near, but General Braddock seemed not yet to realize it, and turning to them exclaimed: "Who would have thought it!" Only a few hours before he expired he said hopefully: "We shall better know how to deal with them another

Retracing our way westward, we turn once more into the Washington Spring road and keep on till we reach Dunbar's Knob. Here the incompetent and tardy Colonel Dunbar lingered till too late to support Braddock, and, when news of the shameful deleat reached him, destroyed all the artillery, am-munition and valuable military stores that had been collected at his camp with so much difficulty, and fled toward Ft. Cumberland without even attempting to cover the retreat

of Braddock's shattered army.

From the knob that still bears the name of Dunbar's Camp there is a magnificent prospect, some 30 miles in extent—a peacerul, pastoral landscape. Turning our backs upon the miles of plain, dotted over with grazing meadow, stately grove and farm and town and hamlet, the Cumberland Mountains rise, range beyond range, before us till fluence beyond the walls of home," in addi-we can scarcely tell which is mountain and tion to friends and fortune, it is surprising to one of them said, if I were a woman I would

THE SHADES OF DEATH. While we are idling up here and filling



Where Braddock Sleens, a railroad through this interesting region, motive will reverberate through the soli-tudes where the strokes from the axes of Washington's pioneers echoed as they

blazed the first road through "The Shades of Death." Mr. Shriver Stewart, owner of vast tracts of mountain land, is said to have already granted right of way through 1,000 acres and to have donated all the timber needed for ties in laying the tracks over the same Other far-seeing men are following his ex ample of liberality, and the road will probably be under way in the near future. The route will require some bold and difficult engineering, but the valuable resources of

the territory which the new road will make available justify the undertaking. With this additional feeder and outlet for the grand coke and iron industries already flourishing in the county, their increased

prosperity seems assured.

With the prospect of this great opening up, we feel like making a most earnest appeal to the public spirit and local pride of Fayette's best citizens to preserve, as well as may be, the historic shrines within her

Leave it not for the lover of the picturresque or the student of history, who makes a pilgrimage hither to replace grave stones and finger boards with his pious hands, or to go poking about in the marsh mud with his pilgrim's staff a-searching for the true boundaries of the Old Fort.

S. LATIMER. Resembling a Sweetment.

By the occasional use of Hamburg Figs, which is less like a medicine than a sweetmeat, the bowels and liver can be kept in perfect condition, and attacks of constination, indigestion, piles and sick headache prevented. Scents. Dose, one fig. Mack Drug Co., N. Y. Thsu Bustles Must Go.

Come and get any style of bustle for 10c at the closing-out sale of F. Schoenthal, 612 Penn ave. Five Hundred Club tickets yet to be returned to Elite Gal-lery, 516 Market street, before November 1. Lucky possessors please call.

The Best Place to Buy Watches Is at Hauch's, No. 295 Fifth ave. A good watch for \$4. Also large assortment in finer grade of silver and gold watches. Come and see prices before buying. Established 1853.

CABINET photos, \$1 per dos. Lies' Popular Gallery, 10 and 12 Sixth st. T18u HIGHEST prices paid for ladies' or gents' cast-off clothing at De Haan's Big 6, Wylle ave. Call or send by mail. wan

FEW EXCEPTIONS Taken by Bessie Bramble to the Opinions of Men and Women on A SUBJECT FULL OF INTEREST.

They Treat Too Lightly the Question of

What They Would Do

IF THEIR SEXES WERE REVERSED [WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] The articles written by famous literary women, as to what they would do or not do if they were men, were surpising, but when it came the turn for celebrated men to say what they would do if they were women, it was even more amazing. In her answer Elia Wheeler Wilcox, while relating what she would do if a man, shows exactly what she most longs for as a woman to make her happy. She wants a husband to be more gallant and attentive to his own wife than to any other woman—to make the happiness of his home the chief ambition of his life to write no letters to anyone, save his wife, that the whole world might not read. Very

sage advice, too, that most men should make a note of and consider and be wise. Then if she were a a mas she would rule the home, not by physical supremacy, but by force of character This seems to indicate that Sister Wilcon does not believe in marriage as a free and equal relationship, but rather in the decaying doctrine of the supremacy of sex, where the husband is head of the house and the wife is subject to his will. Now we venture to say that there is but little content or real felicity in any marriage where such ruling prevails. A good man in these days, who loves his wife and desires her happiness, repudiates any such doctrine in practice, whatever he may hold in theory. He is as devoted to maintaining her dignity and equal rights as to his own. Under the sway of mutual love there is no desire to domineer on the part of either husband or wife

but rather a disposition to give way. Moreover, a man may have great force of character and capacity to manage a Standard Oil Company, or have supreme charge of a Braddock steel works, or, for that matter, run the affairs of a whole country, but yet be a failure as head in his own house. Many men of highest virtue have tried it and failed. Even our own beloved and sainted Lincoln could not by force of character secure such supremacy, while Brother Blaine, as the story goes, who makes so high a record in the political management of the State, is said to have little or

no influence in domestic affairs, FACTORS IN WOMAN'S SUCCESS. Fanny Davenport's idea of being a ma is that he can smore easily attain to high success in the dramatic or other professions than a woman. To him the world is wide and open; he has no hampering barriers to overcome, no social impediments to over-ride, no certificates of highest character to submit. He goes upon his own merits mainly, while she is subjected to severest criticism as to beauty, dress and ability. It may be said, too, that the admiration and approval of the Prince of Wales is a large factor in the success of a woman on the stage, as witness Mrs. Lang-try, who has raked in, it is said, nearly \$1,000,000 of American money on that score and on her reputation as a professional beauty, where women with greater intellect and talent have failed to climb the giddy heights of fame or to achieve great fortunes. In view of all this, it is little wonder that Miss Davenport feels bitter, especially when the domestic career of the great beauty has been as little to be proud of as her stage gains in cash have been great.

Mrs. Frank Leslie—if a man—would, as

she con'esses, greatly enjoy his free oppor-tunities in business, and would endeavor to live up to a woman's ideal of a good man. Considering the great advantages that Mrs. Leslie admits she already possesses as a woman, viz.: "an outlet for energy"-"a voice in the ear of the world," and "an inthose whose limits are narrower, whose or portunities are contracted by poor pay and hard work—whose talents have had no chance for play, that she, with apparently all of the good things the gods provide, should still long for a man's chances in the world. But it even she, with all her wealth of privileges, still complains of lack of freedom, how much more reason have millions of women to feel bitter over the irony of tate which compels them to live lives without a prospect of advancement, without a hope of luxury, with no capital to begin with, and no time from dreary daily toil and poverty to secure the education for our homes are many discontented women, who feel in themselves the power to achieve

cooks and POOR, SHIFTLESS WOMEN, who are failures in what they are told is their sphere, who, in other pursuits, might find work for which they were by heaven endowed, and which they could perchance do well. Poor teachers, wretched house keepers, those who fall short of calling in many ways their are not so much so for lack of education, but from their incapacity and want of adaptability. The superintendent of a training school for nurses says: "We

can train these women for nurses, we can teach them everything to be known in the business, but after all is said and done, it is only the born nurse who achieves marked It may be the same with husbands. Those born with the tact and qualifications to make a wife happy, generally know how to do so, while others with the best intentions fail in just the little things that women love. Mrs. Custer evidently has this in mind, Mrs. Custer evidently has this in mind, when she savs, if she were a man, she would make it her highest pleasure to make a wife happy by constant demonstrations of love. Mrs. Mary J. Holmes conveys the same idea, when she remarks that, if she were a man and had a wife, she would try to be as attentive to her, as though she were the wife of some other man. This unanimity by women of gening and sense on this pount women of genius and sense on this point shows pretty plainly that men, as husbands, are apt to be careless and inattentive to those who would most value and appreciate

their devotion. But if most of the answers of these gifted women to the question, "What are some of the things you would do, or not do, if you were a man," were perhaps a little disap-pointing to their many admirers and sisters, the replies of the distinguished literary men the replies of the distinguished literary men to the question of what they would do if they were women were not less remarkable for lack of instruction and point of interest. Burdette would be a helpless, lazy, ignorant, useless girl of whom nothing could be required. One of those great, useless lumps of women who are a drag and a burden upon those connected with them all their lives long. According to Brather Burdette they long. According to Brother Burdette they have the best of all that is going, and would

have the best of all that is going, and would have a special bliss in being spared the company of the "monter man."

Joaquin Miller has evidently a poor opinion of the alsters. He thinks they spend their days in "gallivanting" the streets, annoying the drygoods clerks and thinking of nothing but flirtations and fig leaves from morning until night. He further avers that there is no evidence extant to show that either God or man has ever had a chance to rest since a woman was created. The picture he since a woman was created. The picture he presents of the poor brethren is truly a sorry one, while the greatest boon he seems to ask for them is for women to be quiet in word and deed, and dress. It is greatly to be feared that Brother Miller and the other good brethren, like unto him, will have

A STILL HARDER TIME in days to come, for there is little chance

that the dear sisters will ever be greater in word and deed than at present. In fact, the signs of the times are that they will make a good deal more noise in the world in the future than they have in the past. The dress and the demeanor, the flirtations and the fig leaves of the "garrulous parrots," as he calls them, are what seem to disturb Brother Miller's equanimity with regard to the sisters, but we can comfort him with no hope of a rest from them until he goes hence, where only is there rest for the weary. hence, where only is there rest for the weary. Women are discovering more and more new uses for their tongues, and pens, and talents. They are developing more physical force for "gallivanting" and "going on," and instead of less attention to dress they are giving more to it in order to have, just what Brother Miller would have, more of health, and comfort, and comeliness."

But while the talented Josquin was some what rough on the women, Chauncey Depew gives it as his experience that they have

minds as vigorous as those of men, and what they most urgently need is education, and if he were a woman he would strain every nerve and make any sacrifice to obtain it. But while Brother Depew urges education so strongly, it remained for Admiral Porter to advocate for women weak-mindedness and laziness. If he were a woman, he would show sweetness of temper, a loving heart, and an absence of all strong-mindedness. Woman, as he seems to think, was made not to work, but to "charm man in his hours of ease," and be a clinging, dependent statement who should spend ent, guileless creature, who should spend most of her time in sitting upon her hus-band's knee.
Dr. Talmage declares in the most positive manner his detestation of an effeminate man and a masculine woman. It would be entertaining to know just what he means by

a "masculine woman." Does he take the same view as Dr. Dix, that college training will make a good, sweet girl unwomanly and that she will grow to have what "seems a man's soul staring at you domineeringly and insultingly from a woman's torehead."
This seems to be holy terror ever before the mind of Dr. Dix, and yet, notwithstanding the girls have got into Columbia College, and are to be educated just as are the boys in consection to which he has a restal so in opposition to which he has wasted so much argument and eloquence. Oh, these dearly beloved brethren, how sadly anxious they are to keep women within the bounds marked out for them by the prejudices and narrow notions handed down from days of barbarism. Judging by the manner in which they keep hammering away at the subject, it might be thought that every blessed woman was everlanting to the blessed woman was everlastingly trying to climb over the fence set around her, and had to be continually thrust back and be sat down upon hard.

ASKING FOR PARTICULARS. Who are the "masculine women" who are held up as such frightful examples to their sisters? If the dear brothers would mention a few of them for our warning and instruction, it would perhaps save many from following in their tootsteps. Do they mean the women who have gone into the pulpits to preach and to teach? Do they mean those who have been admitted to the bar? Do they mean Frances Willard, who is the head of the W. C. T. U., or Mrs. Stanton, or the Women in Kansas or Wyoming? Dr. Mary Walker is about the only one who presents a masculine ap pearance, but that only goes as far as dress Dr. Mary is as devoted to the principle that such dress is what will insure "peace, plen-ty and calm, sweet health," not only for women, but men as well, that she is full of the courage of her convictions as was old John Brown, whose soul is marching on. Those who know her, and especially the old

soldiers, speak of her as every inch a good woman. Another favorite writer, Edgar Saltus, advocates laziness and silence in women. If he were a woman he would do nothing imporant-would wear no corsets-and simply

live to charm and be silent. But with all that these famous literary men have said as to what they would do if they were women, not one remarked that he would raise a large family—not one said he would like to keep house—not one said, if he were a woman, he would be the ideal wife or mother. But while the most of them treated the question facetiously, still there is a good deal of instruction to be gained from them by women, who can see behind the returns. They touch on the whole woman at home and darn the stockings, or always be arrayed in charming style and meet my husband with a smile It is a little strange that none of them said he would like to spend his days in mission-ary work and find his reward in heaven No one expressed any desire to be a society girl and to have a chaperone. Nor to be a teacher—nor to be a doer of great and good deeds—nor to be the writers of powerful books like these of Madame De Stael, or George Eliot, or Mrs. Stowe, or Mrs. Hum-phrey Ward. No one professed any desire, if a woman, hardly one evinced any desire to be of that class "who will do her husband which they so ardently long. Shut up in good and not evil all the days of his life —whose heart doth safely trust in her—who considereth a field and buyeth it and planteth a vineyard capacity and an ardent, longing desire, but by the prejudices of the world, the sneer of Mrs. Grundy, the conventionalities of society the cares of housekeeping, they are debafred from doing what nature and inborn taste seem to dictate. Countless bad housekeepers there are, thousands of miserable only told women what they consider best in them to do seriously, it might have been a sermon that would have done good. But by treating it flippantly, as most of them did, it was not hard to see that they have not all yet outgrown the old-time idea that

they constitute "the superior sex." BESSIE BRAMBLE.

On Time, And very early too. That's what anyone should be in treating oneself for inaction of the kidneys and bladder. The duretic which experience indicates as supplying the requisite stimulation to the organs without exciting them, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Don't delay; kidney inaction and disease are not far apart. For fever and ague, dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatism and nerve debility, also use the Bitters.

PITTSBURGERS NOT SLOW.

They Know a Good Thing When They See It. We have great confidence in the practical common sense of the people in this community. Propose to them a new idea or system of conducting any large enterprise, and if it is good you can rest assured of their support. No better evidence of the truth of this statement is needed than the wonderful success of the Everett Club, or co-operation plan of selling pianos adopted by Alex. Ross, of Allegheny. This plan is simple, but very effective. Mr. Ross proposes to conduct the piano business by making large contracts for 350 pianos at one time, thus getting the lowest possible cash price and saving each member of the club at least \$75 in the price of each piano, at the same time success of the Everett Club, or co-operation he gives everyone an opportunity to get a fine piano. The plan is so arranged that members can pay in the way most convenient to themselves, from \$1 a week up to the whole amount. Since this plan has been adopted Mr. Ross has had to increase his force of employes six times, and they have all they can do to supply the demand. The system is good, and the people know it. All that is necessary to convince anyone is to examine the piano and understand the plan. Send for circular to Alex. Ross, 137 Federal st., Allegheny.

I'll be Jiggered. This is what Hobbs, dealer in groceries, etc., would have said had he seen the bargains at the closing-out sale of F. Schoenthal, 612 Penn ave.

THERE is no beer equal to Wainwright's

brew. No other manufacturers produce such a fine flavored, clear, wholesome bever-age. All dealers keep it. Families sup-plied direct if desired. Telephone 5525. Tusu Don't Lose The advantage given by Aufrecht's Elite Gallery club tickets offered until November 1. Only a few days left. 516 Market street. CASH paid for old gold and silver at Hauch's, 295 Firth ave.

CABINET photos, \$1 per doz. Lies' Popular Gallery, 10 and 12 Sixth st. TTSu

The costumes of the Grand Opera are all made on the premises. A vast room, just under the roof, is allotted to the work people,

myself when I desired to have the magnifi-cent and elaborate costume provided for Julist in the fourth act of the opera (the bedroom scene) exchanged for a dress more in accordance with what the great Boglish actaccordance with what the great English actresses have worn in the past, namely a white crape or cashmere wrapper trimmed with white face. The chief dressmaker, however, mesponded: "Mademoiselle, Juliet must wear heliotrope of lilae in that scene, as she is in mourning for Tybalt," which, considering that Tybalt had been slain not 24 hours previously, argued that Lady Capulet had had a dressmaker, in the house to had had a dressmaker, in the house to

ought wholesale and are stored away till bought wholesale and are stored wanted. There is an immense consumption of tulle and tarletane for the dresses of the female members of the ballet troupe. Mile, Mauri, the premiere danseuse, is the only

costumes are always furnished by The the establishment; but if any one of the singers desires to wear a dress of her own providing, she can usually settle the matter with the director. Thus when Mile. Heil-bron appeared at the Grand Opera as Marguerite, she was allowed to have her first costume composed of Chinese crape, and made for her at one of the leading dress-makers of Paris. But the model prescribed makers of Paris. But the model prescribed by the traditions of the house must always be strictly followed. Marguerite must always wear a tight-fitting white dress with

the managers of the opera accorded me a thought of for a moment; it would be conhearing, but refused then to engage me because, as they said, I did not sing in the French style. They told me to go at once in search of a French professor of vocalization and to study with him for some months, and they would then give me an-But I did not take their advice. It was M. Gounod himself who taught me the role of Juliet. I studied with him incessantly for a month before making my debut, and he kindly consented to preside over the first rehearsal with full orchestra, which was ac-The musicians of the orchestra on that oc

de Reszke, and he is accustomed always to stand there when the business of the scene me at the conclusion of my grand aria. This 1 acknowledged by coming forward and bow-ing. Madam Ritt, the wife of one of the Such are a few of my impressions and observations as a member of the Paris Opera Company. Many more things might be said that would be new and interesting to directors, who was present in the auditorium,

sicians to applaud a debutante, Made-moiselle," she said; "and I think you ought to recognize the fact in some special way." So, at the conclusion of the performance, I made a little spech of thanks in French to them, which apparently gave great satis

AN EXCLUSIVE THEATER. It is contrary to all rules of the French opera for an untried foreign singer to be permitted to make his or her first appearance on any stage on these formidable boards. "The Opera is not a singing school," is the phrase generally hurled at the head of aspiring novices. A long course of preliminary experience in the opera houses of Vienna, or Italy, or England, is considered necessary in such cases. With native-born vocalists the case is naturally different. They are trained in the traditions of the establishment, and educated by professors of the Paris Conservatoire, and are thereore acceptable to the operatic managers o Paris as soon as their studies are finished. But the fact that I, being an American, had

came behind the scenes at the conclusion o

"It is an unheard of thing for our mu

never before ap eared in opera on any stage, was greatly against me. stage, was greatly against me.

When, some months earlier, I was engaged at the Opera Comique and was to have my debut in a revival of Bizet's opera of the "Pearl Divers," M. Halevy, who has charge of the estate of the deceased composer, positively refused to let me appear in that opera, saying that "the glory of Bizet was not to be entrusted to the hands of a debutante"

debutante." most kind in his acceptance of me, both for Juliet and Marguerite. I owe much to the lessons of the great composer himself. Then the De Reszke brothers, both Jean and Edouard, were also kindness itself in giving me the benefit of their consummate knowl-edge of stage business and their great experience of dramatic effect. At every rehearsal they took infinite pains to give me such hints and directions about acting as my total inexperience of the stage rendered in-

valuable. I also studied the role of Juliet thoroughly with M, Pluque, the leader of the ballet at the Grand Opera and the first professor of operatic acting in Paris. He was the teacher of Mme. Rose Caron and of Miss Ella Russell, both celebrated for their dramatic successes in opera, as well as of countless others less known to fame. For it must be comprehended that the style of acting on the lyric hended that the style of acting on the lyric stage differs in many essential respects from that adopted on the lyric boards. The gest-ures are not only larger and more marked, but must be so timed as to accompany, so to speak, the effects of a song. It is therefore worse than useless for the students of stage singing in Paris to take lessons, as some of them do, from the professors or the perform-ers of the Comedic-Français. I studied also with M. Pluque the role of Marguerite in "Faust," and I expect to profit by his les-

sons as long as I remain in Paris. A VAST STAGE. The first thing that struck me when I walked upon the boards of the Grand Opera walked upon the boards of the Grand Opera was the vast size of the stage. It is fully as large as the auditorium itself, and can accommodate without crowding 1,200 persons. Another great peculiarity is the great slope of the stage. It looks perfectly flat from the front, but rises at the back to half the height of one of the lobbies beyond the level at the footlights. Not having taken this difference into consideration I bruised man at the localignts. Not having taken this difference into consideration I bruised myself severely on the occasion of my first appearance in "Faust." When Marguerite falls senseless in the church scene, my fall, calculated for a flat floor, brought me so violently into contact with the slope of the boards as to half stun me for a moment.

boards as to half stun me for a moment.

The dressing rooms of the performers are far from being very luxurious. They are of good dimensions, but their turnishing is of the scantiest. A few chairs, a table, and curtains at the windows, comprise the contents of each of them. There is a little closer at one side containing a washstand with a very small wash bowl and pitcher, and some pers for the hanging-up of the and some pegs for the hanging-up of the garments not in use. There is also a fireplace, and the chimney invariably smokes whenever a fire is lighted, which is often necessary, since the great furnaces that warm the entire house are always called into requisition at the latest possible date in the autumn, and are extinguished as early as possible in the spring, on account of their immense consumption of coal. One can imagine how injurious to the throat of a imagine how injurious to the throat of a singer must be the atmosphere of her dressing room when it is literally blue with smoke. The French Government has been often appealed to by the directors to have this state of things remedied, but their request has never received the slightest attention.

who sit around there on benches against the wall, and sew, and drape and trim under the supervision of Mme. Floret, the dressmaker-in-chies of the establishment.

It was to Mme. Floret that I addressed

make up the family mourning, and that she had worked without losing any time!

one whose multitudinous skirts are all made of tulle. The other dancers have the three or four outer skirts only in tulle, the rest

eing composed of tarletane PREPARING THE COSTUMES. Each one of the leading members of the company is provided with a dresser whose business it is, not only to assist the artiste in dressing during a performance, but also to superfutend all the details of the costume, to see that the shoes are clean, the train well brushed, the laces, chemisette, etc., perfectly fresh, and everything in fact in faultless order. This arrangement relieves the prima donna's mind of a good deal of responsibilities.

always wear a tight-ntting white dress with a long train in the second and third acts of "Faust." The correct and picturesque mediaval costume worn by Miss Ellen Terry in the Lyceum production of the drama of "Faust" in London, and afterward assumed by Mme. Albani in the opera at Covent Garden, here in Paris is not to be thought of for a moment; it would be con-

The acoustic properties of the Grand Opera House are very peculiar. The voice of a singer must possess remarkable "carrying" qualities in order to fill the auditorium in any adequate fashion. Anything that is spoken on the stage must be uttered close to the footlights if it is intended to be heard by the audience. This is so well understood by the audience. This is so well understood by the members of the company that they con-verse together with periect freedom at the back of the stage when not engaged in the business of the scene, being sure that what they have to say will never be heard beyond the footlights, which, in fact, it never is. There is one point, not far from the prompt-er's box, where the voice in singing is more easily heard than at any other place on the stage. This was well understood by M. Jean de Rezke, and he is accustomed always to casion paid me the great compliment of laying down their instruments and applauding

> the general public, if not to professionals. But I think I have written enough to show what an important center this house is for the preservation and development of true musical and dramatic art. EMMA EAMES.

HIS BEAR WAS A CALF. The Amusing Mistake Made by a Hunter From the City. New York Evening World.1 I am a resident of the Twenty-fourth

ward, this city, and one day last month I made up my mind to go fishing. My wife advised me to take my gun with me in case I should have a chance at a wild duck or so. I went to a favorite spot of mine where I had fished before with great success and had hardly placed my pole in order and com-menced to bait my hook when I heard a great commotion in the woods near by, and saw an animal that looked to me like a wolf or bear making straight for me. I dropped my pole, seized my gun, took good aim and blazed away. The beast turned and, bellow-ing with pain, ran back to the woods, I in

The next minute I heard a man's voice in great anger yelling:
"Who fired that shot? I will be darned if some darned fool did not shoot that calf!" and mother-in-law what hannened to

but I didn't. COLOMBIA AS AN EL DORADO. A Rich Country Whose Resources Are

the exhibition of natural products which took place in the capital of the republic in 1870 there were more than 700 kinds of the above-mentioned woods.

The country also abounds in rich mines of gold and silver, in iron, copper, lead, emeralds, amethysts, rubies, rock-crystal, marble, porphyry, jasper, jet, salt, coal, sulphur, lime, gypsum, and other mineral products. On the coast, especially on the coasts of the Isthmus of Panama and of the bay of Rio Hashs, are found pearls and coral. Notwithstanding the abundance of these natural riches, however, the development of the material resources of the country has been hitherto almost completely neglected.

Influence.

Their zephyr lovers,—a dejected band; While listlessly the languid windmill whirled.

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EDWARD GROETZINGER,

And one that is well worthy the attention of the citizens of Pittsburg is the immense assignee's sale at auction at 723 and 725 Liberty street, corner Eighth, being the entire stock of a New York importing drygoods, carpet and rug house, amounting in value to over \$150,000. The goods are all of the very finest quality and are sold in quantities to suit the purchaser. A sale of this magnitude is of rare occurrence, especially as everything is without limit or reserve. No matter what price you may offer, you get the article, whether it be a piece of print or fine silk. Those who would secure some of these choice goods should

overcoats, at Pitcairn's, 434 Wood st.

WHAT THE QUEEN'S GLOVES COST. Good Evidence That Great Britain's Rain

stle (Eng.) Chronicle.] The Queen has a large hand. She takes seven-and-a-half in gloves. Her fingers are extremely short, and out of propertion to the size of her hand. The Queen will wear nothing but black gloves—generally they are of kid, but sometimes she wears suede gloves. These also must be dyed black.

gloves. These also must be dyed black. Her Majesty commenced to wear one-button gloves at the beginning of her reign. To-day, when no shop girl thinks anybody a real lady without six buttons, the Queen has only got to lour. She refuses altogether to conform to fashion. She only wears about two dozen pairs of gloves a year. Each pair costs eight shillings and sixpence.

In fact, the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and the Empress of India is decidedly economical in her glove bill. There are a great many fashionable women who think nothing of a glove bill if it only come to £100 a year. Many women will spend £20 on gloves during the six weeks of the season by wearing two or three pairs a day.

Catarrh

IS a blood disease. Until the poison is I expelled from the system, there can be no cure for this loathsome and dangerous malady. Therefore, the only effective treatment is a thorough course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla — the best of all blood purifiers. The sooner you begin

the better; delay is dangerous "I was troubled with catarrh for over two years. I tried various remedies, and was treated by a number of physi-cians, but received no benefit until I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A few bottles of this medicine cured me of this troublesome complaint and com-pletely restored my health."—Jesse M. Boggs, Holman's Mills, N. C.

Boggs, Holman's Mills, N. C.

"When Ayer's Sarsaparilla was recommended to me for catarrh, I was inclined to doubt its efficacy. Having tried so many remedies, with little benefit, I had no faith that anything would cure me. I became emaciated from loss of appetite and impaired digestion. I had nearly lost the sense of smell, and my system was badly deranged. I was about discouraged, when a friend urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and referred me to parsons whom it had cured of catarrh. After taking half a dozen bettles of this medicine, I am convinced that the only sure way of treating this chatingta disease is through the blood." that the only sure way of treating this obstinate disease is through the blood."

—Charles H. Maloney, 113 River et., Lowell, Mass.

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